Volume XVII Chicago, Ill., August, 1940 Number 5

The Liberalist

Now the world rocks with pain and hate;
But a rosebush flames outside my gate.
And while men shout, and old loves die,
Above yon meadow hangs the sky;
And out of the blue on valiant wings,
A skylark floats and bravely sings.
Though suddenly our old faith falls,
The grass still trails by the crumbling walls.

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The Peoples Church

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The Liberalist

Preston Bradley ..... **Editor**

Grace Thayer Bradley ..... **Associate Editor**

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Meditation

"On this morning of such great beauty when the loveliness of the sky and earth are united in a perfect tribute to the heart and soul of everything good and beautiful, we express our gratitude and our deep appreciation.

We are glad, glad on this June Sunday for all the myriads and myriads of winter-bound people who have not had this opportunity of sunshine and the out-of-doors for long, long months, and now the beauty of it all is available to them. We are glad for the delight that was brought to our souls when we saw, like beautiful white birds, the sails of little white ships upon the beauty of our inland sea; glad for those who have the opportunity and privilege to become a part of sea and sky. We are glad for those who can walk and stroll this day out upon the highways and byways and lanes of the land; glad, glad that in all this beauty there is nothing to make us afraid except our own carelessness and our own thoughts. We are glad for it all.

And, dear Heart of Love, thou knowest that although we can utter but weak frail sentences, deep in our hearts we pray for a miracle. Surely the age of miracles must not be passed, a miracle that somehow all the world might have blue in their skies too. A miracle, Lord, a miracle in the hearts of leaders and all who have the tremendous responsibility of this moment upon them. The miracle of prayer.

For all those at home who cannot become a part of all the beauty of the morning, those we saw yesterday who were so ill, those by whom we have stood in their times of bereavement, and particularly that family and that loyal, splendid one of our Church, who tomorrow must see earth swallow up her loved one; for all who are in hospitals, shut-ins, blind;—that shut-in there in his home between Franklin Grove and Dixon, by whose bedside we were glad to stand at that late hour, after a hard day;—and what those moments meant to him;—we are glad that we found him, and there are the thousands that we shall never know, never see, never find, —might somehow we project to them all out of this service some of the joy and beauty and sunlight of love and truth. O, may this Church, which has stood so long for everything that it possibly could to help and cement and integrate the lives of men, might it be blessed as it has never been blessed before, might its doors be wide open and its portals be made smooth by the feet of men and women, young men and young women finding their way here to get inspiration for a little better life.

That's our prayer! Might it be every man's prayer! Might it be the world's prayer until we find the answer somewhere along the way in this battle for truth; that we can pray, all of us together, everywhere in the earth, thy prayer as it was never prayed before.

'Our Father, who art in heaven, etc."

"WHAT I BELIEVE"

Continuation from July Number, of Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago, Sunday, Evening, March 17, 1940

Now, I have never accepted the Orthodox plan of salvation. To me, it is revolting. In the first place, an innocent person never ought to suffer for the sins of a guilty one. And though they do, and the world is so constituted that there is a great deal of innocent suffering, yet the whole idea that Jesus had to suffer upon a cross and have a crown of thorns and a broken side and the agony of that cross in order for my soul to be saved by his blood — the whole idea of the crucifixion and the sacrificial quality of shed blood is a pagan idea and came from pagan religions! You will not find one syllable of it in any religion of love. It came from the old Jewish religion of making the sacrifices of the best of the flock. It came out of the background of Abraham, who was going to kill his first-born son. The whole idea of shed blood is an idea of paganism! I repeat it.

There isn't a person in this church tonight who ever saw or ever will see one drop of the blood of Jesus! You have never seen one drop of it; and you never will. No, the virtue of that man is, that I should stop sinning and clean up my life because of the world's greatest example of purity ever known—his life! That's the virtue of him. That's why I take no stock whatever (and I hope I don't shock anybody's sensibilities tonight) I take no stock what ever in this procedure: I've seen weakened, dried-up old philanderers and reprobates who have been nothing but leaches—and licentious all of their lives. And then when they're 60 or 70 or 80, in comes a doctor and says: "You're going to die." Then they get frightened and they say: "I'm going to die! Get a preacher! Get a priest! Get somebody!" And they come in and sprinkle a little water or perform a little hocus-pocus or something on them and say: "Now, you're saved, brother. You're all right now. Heaven's waiting for you." Why, it would take that withered old sinner ten million years to get accustomed to Heaven! He wouldn't know what to do when he got there.

In other words, my fundamental belief in religion is this—that my religion is what I live — not the last five minutes of my life! It's what I am living every day! And for 28 years I have been called to bedsides and into sickrooms and operating rooms—there is hardly a week passes that I don't hold in my arms, or stand at a bedside and hold the hand of, somebody who's dying. I have from three to five, and in some weeks, seven funerals. I'm with the dead and the dying all of the time. And it has been my experience that the people who are the most afraid to die are the people who have treated this life the worst. The people who are really afraid to die are the people who have too much to straighten up before they face Death. They're the people who have to call back the lying words they used about somebody else—they don't want to die with that on their conscience. They're the people who shout about——"Get under the blood of Jesus!" Why, it's a defense mechanism for them! They're afraid to die because of the rotten life they've lived. And well they might be.

Some of the most beautiful deaths that I have ever seen have been of people who never darkened the door of any church; they never bowed at any altar They never took communion from anybody. They never got up and testified or said what they believed or what they didn't believe, but

they looked me straight in the eye and said: "Doctor, it's nearly over, but I've tried to do the best I could as I went along, and I'm not afraid—I'm ready."

These people who use religion as a prop make me weary.

These people who get all stirred up with these evangelists and these sob-songs and all the rest of it, they just make me weary.

We had in our little town a fellow—fact of the matter is that my father worked for him for a while when he made buggies. You know what a buggy is? Well, he made buggies. And he had a little impediment in his speech. He had lost his palate, or something. That fellow would get religion every winter and he'd lose it every Spring. When the revival meeting would come around, he'd wear the knees of his breeches out praying all winter, and the seat of his breeches out backsliding all summer. He did that for many years that I know of, until finally my father met him one day and he said: "Joe, I hope when the Good Lord gets ready for you, he'll take you in the winter." Because if he ever waits until summer, you're a goner." And Joe said: "Well, I think, Bob, you're right.

Well, now then, I remember we had a revival meeting. We always had a revival meeting every winter, just like Chicago has Grand Opera. It's all we had to look forward to. And the little church was just "teeming" every night for four or five weeks. It stirred up the whole country—fights and quarrels. Oh, it was a great time. It was the most interesting time we had. And you could always tell when Joe was going to get religion because when the meeting started he'd start in way back by the door. Then as he warmed up a little, the next night he'd come two or three seats up a little further; and the next night, a little further, a little further up, 'til about the last night he'd sit down on second or third row. Then you knew that was the night.

When the Evangelist got all through and he said to everybody: "Now we're going to sing a song and while we're singing, we want you to come to the altar." And they would go through all the business, and Joe would get up and he would come to the altar, and could he pray! You could hear him for ten miles when he got steamed up good.

He'd pray, and then the testimony meeting came. My father used to go to the revival meetings, sometimes, and I remember this night: We were all there—mother and father and my sister. Joe got religion that night and in the testimony meeting, he got up. He looked around, and of course everybody knew him. That's the reason they didn't take any stock in his religion. He looked around and he said: "Look at these people here tonight. Oh, there sits Bob Bradley (that was my father) good man, fine man, Bob; but Bob, you ought to be a lover of the Lord. You ought to get your sins washed away, Bob." Well, my father, who was a very silent sort of a man, couldn't stand it. He just stood right up, right in the meeting, and he looked at Joe and he said: "Joe, I'll get religion when you pay your 4-year old blacksmith bill."

What's the use, ladies and gentlemen, in harping about what you believe, if you don't live right? And I say to you that I don't care whether you're a Catholic or a Jew or a Protestant, if your life doesn't square with what you talk about as your religion, you're a hypocrite, and there isn't a church, Catholic, Jewish or Protestant, that can save you! Not one!

There's altogether too much of that kind of religion loose in the world. Do you think the world would be in the mess it's in tonight if the Christians had done their duty by the principles and philosophy of Christ in what Christ taught, rather than what they're trying to teach **about** what Christ taught? I'm not interested

in the religion **about** Jesus; and I'm not interested in your creeds. And furthermore, I say to you, there there never was an Apostle who ever read one word or knew one sentence in the Apostle's creed. When you get up and say: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only son, our Lord, who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, descended into Hell and the third day he arose again and ascended into Heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father. . . . I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and all the rest of it." A creed never saved anybody and never will!

That's pretty straight, isn't it? It's been a long time since some of you heard it as straight as that, and it's good for you. You'll forget all about it before the first Sunday in November and you'll all come back anyway.

But the fact of the matter is that for 19 centuries, we Christians have been quarreling and fighting among ourselves about what we believe. And if we'd stop quarreling and fighting among ourselves about what we believe and try to put in practice in this old world what Jesus **taught**, we'd have a different world than we have tonight! And I'm not interested in what you **believe**. You can belong to the Roman Catholic Church and its 14 branches. That's another illusion or delusion I'd like to knock into a cocked hat. When people say there is only one real church — just one—one real church! Why there are more than 14 different kinds of Catholics in the world tonight—don't you know that? One branch of the Catholic church has just held its Easter today — the Greek Orthodox Catholic Church. And they were first called Christians at Antioch, and their church is just as historical and just as much a church and just as much a hierarchy as the church of any Roman Catholic in this church tonight. They have just as much history on their side.

There's the old Catholic Church of Holland. I was at a consecration of the old Catholic Church of Holland. And what is the old Catholic Church of Holland? That branch of the Roman Catholic Church which refused to accept the doctrine of papal infallibility which was introduced into the church in 1870. That's only eighteen years before I was born. That was introduced into the church—papal infallibility — in 1870. Where do people get the idea that there is only one Catholic Church—only one Catholic church. Why, it's ridiculous. And besides, at one time, that church had three popes—that church had three popes—and for over three hundred years, the Society of Jesuits were excommunicated from the church, and for three centuries, all who are now Jesuits, (they are the educators of the Roman Catholic Church) had their own Pope, and he was called "The black Pope of Roman Catholicism." Why don't you Roman Catholics read your own history? And if there were a lot of Protestants who read theirs, you wouldn't be so all mixed up on these questions.

You see, we would have time then to get to work to bring this world to Christ. We can do it yet! Two hundred and eighty-seven different kinds of Protestants! Two hundred and eighty-seven — and with me, that's two hundred and eighty-eight. Two hundred and eighty-eight different kinds of protestants!

You heard about the fellow who died and went to heaven and wanted to look over the place. It was very attractive and beautiful. So his friend said: "I've been here a long time. I'll show you about." So they saw some very happy people and he said: "Who are they?" He said: "Those are Presbyterians." "Oh", he said, "we have some Presbyterians up here."

They went along a little further and there was another group and he said: "Who are they?" "Oh", his friend said, "they're Lutherans." "Oh, we have some Lutherans here—quite a few Lutherans." He said: "What's that group over there?" "Oh, they're Unitarians; they're liberals." "Oh", we have some liberals up here—not many—but we have some liberals up here, too." And he said: "Well, isn't that fine."

And then they came to a stone wall and they had to step up on a bench which was by the wall and look over. And the friend said: "Step up there, but be quite still." So they stepped up there and he looked down, and there was a whole group of happy people, just as happy as they could be; and he turned to him and he said: "Who are they? Who are all those people?" He said: "Shhh—don't say anything. They are Roman Catholics. They think they're the only people up here." That's just exactly my idea of this whole business.

No, I can't bow at any of your altars. I can't accept any of your creeds. I do not accept your infallible book, for I know how the book was attained. I cannot accept your orthodoxy — not a line of it; not a word of it. I accept the definition of God which was given by the greatest philosopher who ever became a Christian — the Apostle Paul. Would you like to hear it?

"God is Love, and he that dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our Love made perfect. There is no fear in Love but perfect Love casteth out fear." That's all the religion I have. That's all the creed I have. No Pope, no bishop, no priest, no hierarchy, no ecclesiasticism, but—Free, God and I!

God being Love, don't you think it's silly to be afraid of anybody who's a God of Love? I do; and I have no more fear in my heart of Death tonight than I have of a little inoffensive baby. I'm not afraid of Death—no. Why should I be afraid of Death when my God has told me that he was Love and that perfect Love casteth out fear?

He was the God of Jesus; and when people try to make Jesus God to me and speak about his miraculous birth. . . . I told you this morning I would tell you what I believed about religion. I've opened up my heart. Virgin birth? Born without a father? Do you know that there are more than 200 mythological virgin births in the history of man's religious pilgrimage before the story of the virgin birth of Jesus? Well, Greek mythology is full of it. Latin mythology is full of it. Man was always getting his gods miraculously born. He's been at it for centuries. I'll challenge any scientist, any physician, any philosopher, any scholar in this audience tonight to explain to me the mystery of a **natural** birth.

I've never met a scientist who could explain how two-half cells, male and female, microscopic, infinitesimal half-cells, out of the tremendous squandering of Nature, when she exhausts 400,000,000 of half-cells, seeking for a one-half cell from the female; that the half-cell in the millions of Nature's waste and the half-cell in the millions of the male waste, should finally find each other, and in the warm protecting place under a woman's heart, give out to the world another human life—will somebody explain that to me? And then you get excited about a virgin birth! Then you think you know how Jesus was born without a father—you don't even know how you were born **with** one!

There isn't a person in this room — not one, who can explain to you the mystery of birth. Why, it's all mystery. So I don't stumble no that. And when they try to say that Jesus was God, to me, I would like somebody to explain to whom he prayed in the garden of Gethsemane. I would like to know to whom he framed his prayer that I read every Sunday

morning in our litany, that most beautiful of all prayers — how does Jesus begin his prayer? He begins his prayer: "Our father, who art in heaven—" My authority is Jesus, and when people say Jesus is God, I would like to ask them where God is and where he was when Jesus prayed! Did God go into the grave for three days? Why, of course not. If he did, he wouldn't be God — couldn't be God. Don't get confused about Jesus being God. Jesus said: "Why callest thou me good — there is none good save God!"

Let me say this: If you want to know what God must be like, look into the face of Jesus, for Jesus was more like God than any man who ever lived; but he was not and never said that he was God. When he rose to that classic climactic moment whereby he was able to say, and you remember it: "I and my Father are one—"when did he say that? Almost at the end of his glorious life, when by his life he kept growing, growing —as you can grow, and as I can grow — nearer and nearer and nearer to the heart of the eternal and the infinite until we blend our souls into the Oversoul and you and all of us can say "I and My father are one." That's the goal of human perfection which I believe. And what a pity that we should be all mixed up.

Look at all the kinds of churches—my word, 14 different kinds of Baptists: 40-gallon Baptists and 10-gallon Baptists and 8-gallon Baptists, Free-will Baptists. . . .

A woman came to me the other day, and I could see that she was suffering from "nerves" which is always associated with religious perplexity. There are more people in the insane asylums who are there over religion than any other one thing in the world you know. That's why I'm suspicious of ideaed people. Whenever people go off on one tangent, look out. Keep your interests. Keep them diversified.

Well, this woman came to me, and she was all a-quiver and excited; and I knew right away what I had to deal with. She said: "Oh, Dr. Bradley, I'm so nervous and I'm so excited. I don't know what to do." And I said: "Now, sit down, sit down, sit down." You know, most people want you to cry with them. They want to be petted and pampered. Sometimes you have to shock them a little. That's good — a psychic shock. And I said to this woman: "Sit down!" I said it like a gentleman, but I said it with emphasis. I said: "Now, you must sit down. Now, tell me what's the matter?"

She said: "I'm all worried about baptism." "Baptism", I said, is that it?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I have been over hearing this evangelist down here, and he's been talking immersion. Then I went over to that church over on the corner there and they were talking about sprinking. Then I went over to that other church and they were talking about pouring. And I want to be a Christian and a I want to be right; and somebody said to come and see you."

And I said: "I've got it, I've got it, I've got it! I can solve it for you." And she looked at me, and said: "Doctor, can you?" And I said: "Sure. I've settled the whole matter. It's all over." "Oh", she said: "what'll you do?"

I said: "You come with me and I'll sprinkle you, I'll immerse you, I'll pour you, I'll dip you, and then we'll know we've got one of them right and we can go on about our business." Worried about baptism? I'll baptize you in every way the Bible tells you about. I'll dip you, pour, anything you want. And why? So we will stop wasting our energies about things that don't matter and get together on the things which do.

Is Christianity a lie? No! What is Christianity? Putting into practice the **ethics** of Jesus Christ! Is it a creed? No! Who wrote the creeds? Men! Jesus never saw a creed in his life! Every creed of any church in the

world tonight was written by a man. You have just as much right to write your creed as they have, and so have I! You don't have to accept any creed—it's not Christianity. Christianity is the life of God in the soul of man in action—that's what Christianity is, and that is what the world has missed. If we hadn't missed it, we wouldn't be the heart-broken world that we are tonight.

Now, there is just one thing more which I must mention. Every discriminating person distinguishes between belief and knowledge. They are two different things. Your belief is one thing; your knowledge is another. There is always a difference between what you believe and what you know. I may believe that there are eight people sitting listening to me in my robing room—I may believe that thoroughly. The only way I can know it is to go there and open the door and count them. A person's belief is one thing and their knowledge is another.

Now, I must speak exclusively in these closing two or three minutes on what I believe about immortality. I believe as much as I believe I am in this pulpit that you and I are immortal beings. I do not believe that there is in the fifty, sixty, or seventy, eighty or ninety years of life a sufficient compensation for all that individuals have to go through on this plane. It is not a sufficient compensation to warrant birth in the first place if birth is not the beginning of endless life.

To me, this is a plane. We are under physical laws. We are in a universe of cosmic forces. We have mind, emotions, intelligence, feelings, and then some day, something leaves — the heart is here, the lungs, the brain. People look at us and say: "There's a human body, but it's still. It can't think. It's heart has stopped beating. It has ceased to be."

Now, don't ask me for proof—we are still in the experimental stage of breaking down the almost impenetrable barrier between the planes of soul-evolution. And I believe in the evolution of the soul just as much as I believe in the evolution of the body.

These bodies of ours have been undergoing evolutionary processes for probably ten millions of years, and every time someone says to me: "Well, I don't believe that", I say, "May I ask you why it is that at the early state of life every individual was mono-sexual? Why every individual was father and mother of his own offspring?"

There was a time when man was mono-sexual, before the two sexes were at all separated or created. And you say to me: "Well, Dr. Bradley, I don't believe that." And I have to ask you then why it is that on the chest of every man in this church tonight are the tell-tale evidences of mono-sexuality in that remnant of which the glands are no longer in existence and have no possible capacity. On the chest of every man in this church tonight is the conclusive biological evidence that there was a time when a child suckled at his breast.

Now, I want to see you do something with that item. You can't dispute it. And this tell-tale evidence on every man's chest here tonight, and every other male that the world has, is the heritage of this evolutionary process of the human body. You have other appendages in your bodies that have outgrown their usefulness. There isn't a scientist here tonight but what will tell you that your appendix, if you have one — most people haven't any any more—but he will tell you that your appendix is only the remnant of a time in your evolution when you had different food habits than you have today.

There isn't a physician or a scientist in the world tonight who will tell you that your appendix is any good in your present stage of development; and every man and woman, every boy and girl, could live and most of us would be better off, if it were removed. It will not be long until the constant

removal of the appendix will gradually in the evolution of the body eliminate itself, and probably in another million years there will be no appendix in anybody.

Now, what are you going to do with scientific facts like that? Well, you'd better be brave enough to use your brains, no matter how much it costs you in eliminating your old traditions and your old beliefs, and move into the area of religion at its highest and its best. And that's why I believe in the evolution of the soul.

I don't think there's a person in the church tonight who is ever going to die. I think you are just going to change your environment. Every person here is deathless. That's why suicide is no way out. Why, if a person is silly enough to commit suicide, they only create for themselves bigger problems than they thought to solve. The old Roman Catholic church is absolutely sound in that doctrine that it's a sin and an unpardonable sin to take your own life. I believe it. That isn't going to solve anything. It's just going to give you more work for a couple or three or four hundred million years.

It's a problem of changing environment. That is the only way, ladies and gentlemen, in which I can possibly read any law of justice in this world. It's the only answer that is adequate—not our selfish desire to live. I don't know how we shall live. I'm convinced we are through with this body. Of that there is no duobt. But there is something which is you, which is me — what's that glint in the eye? What is making my heart beat? There isn't a scientist here tonight who can explain a heart beat. What's keeping us alive? What's this thing called life? Something that can be snuffed out? No—something that can be preserved and projected.

That's why I believe in states of consciousness. That's why I believe that the soul is eternal and immortal and that over all is the Oversoul which is God. Sooner or later in this finely-evolved process of evolving life, we will find our ultimate in the heart of that Oversoul. All the rest belong to a decadent moment of man's feeble grasping. We have moved up into the higher plateaus of infinite Love. God as Principle, as Love, as Spirit, whatever you will, but God and you cooperatively seeking harmonic similitude, can work the miracle of earth and you will be finer and happier and lovelier here for the more of God you can get into your life now.

That is religion, religion at its highest, and religion at its best. And all the rest I leave along the way. No more fear — it's gone. I don't have to seek a medium between God and me — neither do you. Let none stand between you and that highest which you can conceive. Don't let a church, a book, a priest, a minister,—anybody—get between you and the overflowing abundance that comes from the heart of the Eternal, for your heart and your life!

Then you can say: "Let death come when it will! Or how it will!" You can, with the poet Browning, "greet the unseen with a cheer", and with a philosopher of the past, you can say without fear: "One world at a time." Let me live my life so that when it is over, a little child, an old person's heart, a broken home, a sad-hearted mother, a broken-hearted father, will be able to say: "I'm better and happier because he lived!"

If that isn't religion, THEN there is none! It doesn't exist!

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ALONG THE WAY

By Preston Bradley

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It's the 17th day of July. The weather on Black Duck Island is rainy and quite cool. A strong southwest wind is blowing. It seems more like a fall day than a summer one. Two of the dogs are wrestling on the study floor back of my desk and the radio is bringing me the proceedings of the Democratic convention from the Stadium at home. What an environment in which to write!

I am wondering what this day will mean in the history of these United States. I am sure it will have a great significance as the years pass. After the Democratic convention is over and we settle down to the campaign we will be hearing political speeches by the hundreds. It will be an interesting time for us all. Men, measures, arguments, speeches, meetings, charges of all sorts, will be our steady diet until that important day in November.

I am glad for it all. It is democracy with all its faults but also with its precious virtues. Let us all enter into the spirit of these days with gratitude that we are Americans. We should be deeply grateful that we live where differences can be expressed and opinions freely given without fear of a concentration camp or worse. Let us keep it so forever and ever.

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It hardly seems possible that more than a third of our summer is gone as I write. I regret the passing of every day. While I love my church and my work with all my heart, these days on our little island, with the stately pines, friendly birds, blue skies, laughing water, familiar trails, quiet nights, glorious dawns, healing sunsets and all the companionship of the out-of-doors are much needed days for me. It is here I receive the energy and strength to do the work of the winter. I worked harder last winter than ever before and I came north more tired; and yet, when the suffering and sorrow of millions of people suddenly comes to me I feel at times a sense of guilt. I wish I could do something to help more than I do. One seems so helpless in such a mad world. I open my newspapers with reluctance and anxiety. Surely this situation cannot continue. Mankind will soon find a happier and better way. It must to survive.

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For the 20th time I gave the Fourth of July address at our celebration in Tower. Tower is our post office and our nearest town. It is 16 miles by water from Black Duck Island. Only 800 people live in its boundaries, but they are a happy, friendly people. It is largely a mining town and has represented almost every European stock: Scandinavians, Finns, Austrians and the Slavs predominate. We went to Tower by boat on the Fourth. It was a lovely day and a large crowd was in town. We arrived at 9:00 in the morning.

First came the parade, led by the local band. The program was given in the Rex Theatre — our "movie" house. It was filled to overflowing and the people listened more intently to my talk than ever before. The whole day had an increased interest. There was a spirit of seriousness which I had not experienced for several years. I think this was true throughout the nation. Americans are more deeply concerned about the future than I have ever known them to be.

After the theatre program came lunch, and then the annual Indian powwow! held in a vacant lot next to the City Hall. We have a large Indian population on the shores of Pike Bay, Lake Vermilion, and on every Fourth they all

come to town. For the powwow, they dress in native costumes and dance around their historical big drum which is the property of Chief Good-day. This drum was captured when the Chippewa's drove out the Sioux from this locality. I know most of these Indians and enjoy many visits with them as I meet them around the lakes or on the trails. A renewal of interest in their welfare is taking place on the part of the white people. They are very appreciative and make good friends.

•

Next month I will tell you of an interesting ceremony, for on the Chippewa Tribe of Indians. The Indians are planning a two-day ceremony at the Indian Village on Lake Vermilion. The event begins on Saturday morning July 20th, at 10:00 o'clock, with a parade, and closes Sunday evening with a powwow. There will be an archery contest, moccasin game, naba oh, Indian bowl game, squaw hockey, birch-bark canoe races, wrestling matches, wood packing contest, La-Crosse and other Indian games.

The adoption ceremony will begin at 10:30 Sunday morning. It is quite rare for the Chippewa's to adopt a white man and the oldest settlers here have never seen the ceremony. If any of our members or radio friends are in the vicinity of Duluth it will pay you to drive the 100 miles north and see this event. I will tell you about it more in detail next month.

•

Tower, like many other cities in the country was able to build a much needed new City Hall as a part of the Works Progress Administration. I was asked to have a part in the dedication of this adequate and beautiful building on July 12th. The architect, the State Administrator, the Mayor of Tower, and Senator George H. Lommen all had a part in the dedication. The building is modern in design but without any freakishness. I was the speaker at the evening banquet and utilized the occasion as an opportunity of saying that the strength of a city was not determined by its physical equipment, but by the character and soul of its people; yet an environment of fine artistic buildings had a definite effect on the character of its people.

•

I am always glad when the community accepts us as a part of it rather than just summer visitors. We have spent twenty-five summers here and the local people think of us as belonging to them, and we do. We have made many friendships here. I have married many of these people and have been with many families in the death of loved ones. In fact we really have a summer ministry here. Just the other day, on our boat, the "Arden", I performed the wedding ceremony for a lad whom we have known almost his entire life — George William Franklin, Jr., son of Dr. and Mrs. Franklin, of Jefferson, Iowa, who have a summer home not far from us. He always wanted to be married on Smarts Bay at sunset. He brought his bride-to-be to Lake Vermilion and I had one of the loveliest marriages I have ever had on our boat, just as the sun was sinking. These associations are the ones which make life rich in memories and as the years come help create the serenity and sanctity of age.

•

Perhaps some of my readers are asking "What about the fishing?" Well, I'll have to wait and tell you about that next month. I fish only one way—with a fly. The smaller the hook and the lighter the rod the better. I never fish to get fish. I have had some excellent bass fishing and, with but two exceptions, all the bass are still swimming around, for I released them all. The noblest fish which swims is the black bass. I have planted over 60,000 bass in our lakes; Fingerlings which were sent to me from the Federal Hatchery at LaCrosse, Wisconsin. In our little lake, about five miles

from our island, I have planted only small mouth bass. The first planting was four years ago. I have caught many of these bass this summer and put every one of them back in the lake, unhurt but wiser. It's not all of fishing just to catch fish! My ride home last night across Big Bay, with the moon making a silver path for our little boat, was by far the best part of a day's fishing.

•

My space is all taken and so, until I have another friendly chat with you next month I wish you many pleasant summer days.

IN MEMORY OF GEORGE U. GAIRING

•

To have a link in friendship's chain broken by death is always sad, but it is especially so when the one breaking the chain is a friend of over twenty-five years.

To have death enter again the family circle of The Peoples Church was a shock and grief to all of us. To receive this sad news at our island home on Lake Vermilion in Minnesota, over six hundred miles from Chicago, seemed unbelievable;—we could-n't bring ourselves to the realization that our friend, George U. Gairing had met the great adventure, — had passed through the portal where no mortal foot may follow.

Always meeting one with a smile, — always giving a friendly hand — willing always to give friendly counsel — ever ready to take part in our joys and sorrows. We personally will miss him, and the church will miss him.

Mr. Gairing has been a trustee on the board of The Peoples Church ever since the Church was organized in 1912. Mr. Gairing with Mrs. Gairing attended the closing service of the Church Sunday June 15th, and waited a long time in line to say goodbye to Dr. Bradley. Little did Dr. Bradley think he would so soon be called back to Chicago on that sad trip to read the funeral service and pay tribute to his friend.

Mr. Gairing passed away June 28th after a few days in the Edgewater Hospital suffering from a severe attack of heart trouble. While his condition was serious, his life was not despaired of, and he was cheerfully plannng on going home the next day.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Mrs. Gairing, his devoted companion of the years, and to his daughter Virginia and son George.

Yes,—we will all miss him. The Peoples Church appreciated his friendship and his loyalty, none more than his friends.

Preston and Grace Bradley.

WHERE POPPIES GROW

By Grace T. Bradley

•

The sky is almost cloudless and of indefinably soft blue. A chorus of bird-song,—leaves rustling in the summer wind, and the lake, slightly ruffled, dashing waves musically against the rocks breaks pleasantly upon the quiet of this June Sunday. The air is scented with lilacs,—a large orange and black butterfly, looking like a flower had taken wings, hovers over the purple loveliness of a lilac bush in the front garden, and in another, back of the house, a dear little warbler has built her nest and is sitting on three tiny eggs, right where we can watch her from the kitchen window. A few days ago the first wild rose came into bloom,—it is always thrilling to see the first of a season unfold its pink shell-like petals of delicate beauty, and today I notice there are quite a number. What a pity flowers so lovely last so short a time—they come and we are delighted—then a day of rain —a frolicsome wind—and they are gone!

A great deal of the time my thoughts are filled with the tragedy taking place across the sea. I think with love and sympathy and anxiety of our friends in England — Ireland—Wales—France—Norway—Sweden—Denmark—Czecho-Slovakia—in all of these beautiful countries we have had such happy times. I am thankful indeed for the memories.

Just now I am thinking of the roses that bloom in such profusion in France, and lilacs the most beautiful in all the world. They, too, must have fallen amid the bombardment and chaos of towns, beseiged cities and betrampled countryside. A picture comes to me that was photographed on my memory the first time I traveled in France. The train was passing through country that had been devastated by the World War; slightly rolling country that had been the scene of bloody battles; that had been cut up into trenches and dugouts, and trampled over by thousands and thousands of soldier feet. It must have been laborious work for the French farmers to restore this land and make it into the scene I looked upon from the car window—acres and acres planted to grain and vegetables of all kinds, row upon even row — neat square after square—over fields and hillsides, seeming to form a pattern, and I said: "it looks like piece-quilts spread to cover the scars of war; how courageous and hopeful and enterprising these French people are!" And that very remark I entered in my travel diary. Many houses and buildings built of rough stone showed plainly in their walls the mending of shell holes with new material, and nearly all roofs were noticeably new.

Presently the train slowed down, though we did not know why, as it passed through Amiens, very close to the war cemetery. It came suddenly to our view as we gazed in shocked silence from the window at acres and acres and acres of white crosses, row upon row, stretching so far in the distance there seemed to be no end —and here and there among the crosses and along the hedges and the railroad track grew clusters of blood-red poppies—poppies nodding their brilliant heads everywhere. Our cheeks were wet with tears—and we did not speak for quite some time.

Since the World War red poppies have become significant to all of us as a symbol of our fallen heroes and one cannot see them growing in the countryside of Europe without a catch in the throat

and a mist dimming the vision!

Once again "Flanders Fields, where poppies grow" have been the scene of battle and horror! It seems almost unbelievable that this could happen a second time, while the suffering and memory of the other war is still fresh! Poppies will bloom again—and eventually roses and lilacs of France may grow up from trampled roots—but the message of the white crosses from the soldier hearts lying beneath them has been futile,—soldier hearts that loved home and kindred, thrilled to the beauty of blue sky and Junetime scent of lilacs and roses, — hearts that knew tears and joy—laughter and song—work and play—lives that were sacrificed in vain!

Now the white crosses will increase—perhaps tenfold—and in the fields and roadsides blood-red poppies will sway too and fro—and bloom abundantly.

USHERS' CLUB HOLDS PICNIC

The Ushers held their second Annual Picnic for their families and friends at beautiful Lilymoor Country Club at Lily Lake, Sunday, June 16th. The weatherman presented the club with an ideal day for the big frolic. Cars began to arrive early and continued to storm the grounds until noon.

The activities began with a ball game between the "Ins" and the "Outs." The "Outs", with the fancy footwork and superb generalship of Captain "Jimmy Fox" Bryan, swamped the "Ins." Hurling for the vanquished team was "Dean" Miller who, but for his dazzling one-piece uniform of his own design, could have easily turned that shameful defeat into a complete rout of the enemy.

The noon meal was elaborately spread upon a long table in banquet fashion. The menu presented everything in food that one could wish for and much more, the result being that many felt quite satisfied to relax on the cool veranda for card playing and conversation.

A new high in merriment was reached in the late afternoon, when the women participated in a rolling-pin-throwing contest. Rollo, the handsome dummy, took a lot of punishment from the married women, who, it was noticed, displayed the greater skill in wielding the old hemlock. Mrs. Gordon Davidson carried away high honors with two-bulls eyes out of three tries.

As the setting sun cast lengthening shadows over the beautiful landscape, marking the end of another day, tired but happy picnicers reluctantly started homeward, thus climaxing the activities of the Ushers until Church opens in the fall.

Much credit is due Mr. Gordon Davidson and his committee, who worked so diligently to make this outing the huge success of the year.

W. A. S.

LAWN PARTY FOR RED CROSS BENEFIT

Miss Dorothy Young was hostess to the Professional and Business Woman's Club on the evening of July first, at her home in Evanston.

Miss Mary Hibbard, genial vice-president of the club, is in charge of summer activities, and working with her is the social committee, consisting of Miss Edith Sley, Chairman, Miss Alma Otto, Co-Chairman, Miss Dorothy Young and Mrs. Mae Hutton. Miss Hibbard, Miss Young, as hostesses, and everyone of the committee deserve blue ribbons for the success of this benefit.

The spacious garden was trimmed with colored electric lights, (thanks to Mary Hibbard's Dad) extra lighting being supplied at the side porch to light the grassy stage below. The evening was so cool that early comers feared some would be discouraged from attending, but when one hundred members and guests finally were seated in front of the soft green background of bushes, everyone was happy.

The program began with singing by the entire group. Miss Smalley, the president, then told the guests a little of the history of the club, after which Miss Hibbard introduced her artists of the evening, who gave a most interesting, delightful and varied program.

Miss Helen Hardin, whom many of you hear on WGN each morning, read poems and a garden story. By the way, Miss Hardin is Program Chairman of the club this season.

Mrs. Adine Emory, sister of the hostess, gave a piano number which floated down from an upper room to the garden below.

Mrs. Elda Hutton, daughter-in-law of Mrs. Mae Hutton of the Social Committee, gave several poems, showing marked ability in interpretation and power to charm; one especially delightful poem was about "My Many Selves." Mrs. Hutton is well known for her work on club programs.

Mrs. Rosalynd Hutchinson, bird lecturer and whistler, had just the right setting for her artistry, and with the shrubbery about her, by closing the eyes, it was quite easy to imagine the birds warbling all about us.

The Abernethy Ensemble Singers, consisting of Nanette Zapel, Irene Carlson, Elizabeth Huck, Loretta Voss, Emily Foster and Marion Berry, sang "Sylvia" and "The Song of the Two Clocks." Their singing well deserved the very hearty applause given them, and they made a most pleasing picture in their filmy garden dresses of pastel shades.

Mr. Emerson Abernethy and The Ensemble then sang "Home on the Range."

The officers of the club and the committee express their warm and hearty grafitude to all of these artists who contributed so generously and willingly to this Benefit and to the complete success and pleasure of the evening. This was certainly an outstanding program of the year, and the club feels fortunate indeed to have received this fine cooperation.

Miss Hibbard next introduced Mrs. Easingwood of the Evanston Branch of the Red Cross, who addressed the group, telling of the work and reading the poem "The Rde Cross Spirit Speaks." The club was again fortunate in that Mrs. Easingwood presented her subject in so interesting a manner.

Because of the coolness of the evening, all were invited into the charming home for refreshments, and Mrs. Young joined her daughter in making everyone feel that the warmth and glow of their hospitality quite blended with the charm of the garden. Cake and ice cream had been the refresh-

ment planned, but Mrs. Young generously added hot coffee for the long lines of people who streamed into her home. This unexpected warmth, coming on such a cool evening was doubly appreciated, and everyone went home in a glow of pleasure.

Alice Pearson, club treasurer, reports that a very generous contribution has been mailed to the Red Cross, to the credit of the Peoples Church unit.

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THE BAZAAR

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"Time marches on!"—The year has come again to the summertime, and contrary to all rules of comfortable living and peaceable thinking during vacation months, we suddenly realize that while we are trying to hold back the calendar—every blessed minute of it—we must look forward to the fall work. Straightaway and foremost the Bazaar spirit flashes up and desires to remind the readers of the Liberalist, the members and friends of the Church, that now is a good time to plan something for The Peoples Church Bazaar, which will be held the first week in December.

If that sounds a long way off—don't fool yourselves, because it will pounce upon you very suddenly when you least expect it! Plan to have some pick-up work for the bazaar while you sit on the porch; or look for some attractive article on your vacation trip. And you who are beautifully old-fashioned enough to still "put up" jelly and jam and pickles and marmalade—put a few aside on a shelf for the bazaar pantry booth. There will be booths for aprons, pillowslips, towels, utility bags, fancy work, handkerchiefs, kitchen articles, dolls, miscellaneous and, of course, a "White Eelephant" booth, where everybody passes on anything they don't want themselves, for there is always someone who does!

Members of the Woman's Club are working all summer for the bazaar, and they will very much appreciate materials for aprons sent to them which they will gladly make up on their sewing days. Often one is willing to furnish material if she has not the time to sew.

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley, the Trustees of the Church, and the Woman's Club, under whose auspices the church bazaar is held, will appreciate your help.

We want the 1940 Bazaar to be a great success. Please plan for it now!

• • •

"PRESTON BRADLEY SPEAKING"

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Mr. J. J. Miller of the Peoples Church and of the Clarendon Press, promises for the current number of his publication "Preston Bradley Speaking", the very best issue yet, in point of style of printing and general all-around good appearance.

Some of our new members may not have seen this valuable little magazine and for their benefit and for those who are not yet subscribers, it is published under the above title, is about the size of the Literary Digest, and in it are published each month several of Dr. Bradley's book lectures and sermons, the entire year's subscription of twelve monhts to contain all the book lectures and ser-

mons of that year which are not published in the monthly "Liberalist." In this way, a subscription to "Preston Bradley Speaking" and to the "Liberalist" will give the subscriber a complete file of Dr. Bradley's lectures and sermons for the current year.

The yearly subscription price of the magazne is $3.00, or, if two subscriptions are sent in at once, the price will be $5 for the two. Single editions, 25c. It may be obtained at any news stand, elevated station or hotel lobby, or at the church office. During the church year it will be sold in the church lobby at both Sunday services and on Wednesday evenings by ladies of the Professional and Business Woman's Club.

Mr. Miller has promised an item which will be of interest to regular subscribers who are making a collection of these issues. There will be some manner of loose-leaf binding available in which to enclose the monthly issues at the end of the year. Number 4 of the series is now on the news stands. It is not too late to get all of the numbers, so that your set may be complete.

"AN OLD-TIME FISHERMAN"

Dedicated to Dr. Preston Bradley

(One of our subscribers received a "Back Home" paper the other day and found in it this poem written by a friend of hers. It was the subscriber's idea that the poem should be dedicated to Dr. Bradley.)

I ain't never had no reel
  Ner round wire cage to hold my bait;
An old tin can is what I like
  In my coat pocket—standin' straight.
A cork's my bobber. Extry hooks
  I keep in my terbacker box.
An' I wear overalls and shoes—
  An' seldom ever put on socks.
Yah see I don't go much fer style—
  It's sumthin' I don't know about,—
No fancy breeches, high hip boots—
  Like city guys thet wade fer trout.
Them slender rods thet cost a lot
  May be all right, but as fer me,
I'll take my faithful ol' bamboo
  An' cut across lots to a tree
Thet's on the edge of our ol' crick.
  I spread myself on nice cool grass,
An' thread a worm on my steel hook
  An'start to pull in speckled bass.
It's purty there—with flowers about—
  An' if I could but hev my wish,
The Lord would duplicate that spot
  In Heaven fer me—so I kin fish.

—Ella Flatt Keller.

Dr. Bradley Kept the Following Engagements During the Month Ending July 15th, 1940:

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(Dr. Bradley's engagements, including funerals and weddings, are listed from the 15th to the 15th of each month.)

18—Radio Address. WMAQ.
19—Radio Address. WMAQ.
20—Address. Carl Schurz High School Commencement.
25—Radio Address. WMAQ.
26—Conference. Religious Editor of Daily News.
27—Radio Address. WMAQ.

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Weddings

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JUNE

18—Walter S. Sexton and Agnes Kalinauskas.
19—William Burkhardt and Florence Helen Rice.
20—Howard B. Schultz and Helen V. Clark.
Roy R. Bartels and Jennie Whittenberg.
William Dannewan and Mary Leszczynski.
22—Virgil Gross and Mary Carter (By Rev. Benj. Will)
26—Collins Benton Warner and Frances Wedmore.
27—Hugh C. Carver and Dorothy Jorgensen.
Melvin Olson and Valsta Mae Miller.

JULY

(At Lake Vermilion, Minnesota)
6—George W. Franklin, Jr. and Marjorie Macklin.

RECORD OF WEDDINGS BY REV. HENRY CLARK, SUMMER ASSISTANT TO DR. BRADLEY

•

JUNE

29—Joshua A. Hammond, Jr. and Anne Wineberg.
Harold W. Schaefer and Mary Campbell.
Aloysius Gregory Wiederer and Marie Heino.
Charles Ugaste and Geraldine Easterly.
Edwin R. Liska and Evelyn A. Kucera.
30—George B. Abernathy and June G. Orr.

JULY

6—Robert J. Hilliard and Loretta Anna Meissner.
Michael Schmitz and Dagny Perkins.
10—Ivan P. Florsheim, Jr. and Janis Beverly Powell.
12—Edward J. Graham, Jr. and Dorothy J. Shaw.
13—Albert M. Wheeler and Norma L. Hansen.

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Funerals

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JUNE

27—Capt. Charles Garland. Interment, Acacia Park.

JULY

2—George U. Gairing. Interment, Elmwood Park.

RECORD OF FUNERALS BY REV. HENRY CLARK, SUMMER ASSISTANT TO DR. BRADLEY

•

JUNE

29—Mrs. Mabel Woodruff. Interment, Irving Park.

JULY

1—Mrs. Helen Beach. Interment, Wunders Cemetery.
2—Mrs. Marie Haerttelt. Interment, Graceland.
8—Mrs. Edith Ruth Thexton. Interment, Lawnwood.
11—Mrs. Anna Girthschall. Interment, Acacia.

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